

DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

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WHOLE NO. 131.

THE MAN WHO DARES TO THINK.

The man who dares to think, to live,
True to his soul's divinest light,
Shall to the world an impulse give,
For truth and right.

The brave in heart, the true in mind,
Will dare to see the truth aright,
While coward souls, perverse and blind,
Will shun the light.

But though all eyes on earth were closed,
Still would the sun as brightly shine,
And truth, by all the world opposed,
Is still divine.

That which men abuse today,
Men of the future will adore,
And truth, which error seeks to slay,
Lives forevermore.

—Selected.

THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT.

In that excellent article, "The Purpose of Life," by Comrade Cheyse, published in No. 23 of DISCONTENT, I find so much of truth and real beauty of thought that I have some compunctions in regard to breaking in on the writer's thought with the jar of opposition. But a man's thoughts are so often like human character, a medley of virtue and vice, that we must study every utterance with a critical eye, in order to keep on a sure basis of fact. It is true that I glided smoothly along in perfect unison with the main idea of a "purpose in life" till I struck the following pretty fiction:

"She (woman) stands the very crown and flower of creation in form and quality."

We have heard this twaddle from the pulpit ever since man's growing heresy to the church forced priestcraft to enlist woman in the services of religion. Lovely woman, thou art the flower of humanity, therefore man must protect thee from adversity. Thou art a crowned queen, therefore, reign an inert, inanimate figurehead in the sanctity of home, a vassal of the slaves thou hast borne. This is the position of woman today in conservative society, and this false sentiment keeps her there.

Of course, Comrade Cheyse is as bitterly opposed to this application of the idea as I am, but is the logical sequence of his own any more worthy of respect? For instance, does he wish to transfer the barbarous idea that to be of a certain sex is a BADGE OF SUPERIORITY? As a woman I protest against this distinction being applied to my sex.

Comrade Cheyse means well without doubt, but may the good lord deliver us from our friends as well as our enemies.

Those who are of the very "crown and flower of humanity" hold their title to real worth through the possession of lovely characters. Sex has nothing to do with the case.

Woman, as a human being, possesses the virtues and weaknesses common to the animal species to which she belongs. When this fact in nature is recognized men and women will look with the straight glance, neither up nor down, for the straight look is equality, the basis of liberty.

Careful thought and observation tend to convince one that woman is no more entitled to the claim of natural preeminence over man than man is over woman.

There is a strong element in radical circles which, discarding the brutal creeds of theology and empty forms thereof, still clings tenaciously to the religious sentiment. Every unsolved problem is a shrine before which they bow in spirit. No one worships a solved problem, and only as men cease to worship can anything be solved. The religious sentiment reveals in and magnifies mystery. It is responsible for all manner of vagaries and speculations that keep men from investigating and studying problems that relate directly to their own welfare.

There are those who deify sex, overlooking the fact that sex has no more claim to divinity than has the stomach. The sexual instinct, which can be subjected to as close an analysis as any other instinct pertaining to the several different functions of the body, is treated of in language, the extravagance of which would do credit to a theologian.

Only as men get away from this strong religious feeling are they able to reason from a rational basis. It is true that religion will exist far into the future, but, unlike Comrade Cheyse, I hope for its final extinction. When men see the utter futility of worship they will become self-poised, self-reliant individuals.

On the whole, I see nothing desirable in the return to men of the "inner meaning of the ancient faiths." The inner meaning of every faith was "fear." Primitive man in that far past almost devoid of reason, cowered in terror, before the awfulness of that nature of which he was a part. Everything that excited his deepest dread he deified with a force more powerful than himself.

Man sought refuge from his terrors in his imagination, and gave mental birth to gods and devils without end. Nay! the people have outgrown the "inner meaning of ancient faiths" as they have their cannibalistic instincts. May the forms of worship soon disappear also. There would be no reason at all in reviving the ancient rites of sex worship or sun worship, or celebrating with naked dances the glory of the human form.

Let us have done with such nonsense. The perfect human form is beautiful. So is the perfect house. It is the artistic sense of the beautiful we should cultivate and not the spirit of worship.

KATE AUSTIN.

A CHILLY SUBJECT.

One marvels at the endurance of the radical mind at times. Recently, on a cold, bleak Sunday morning, we turned out to hear our foremost speaker on "A Study in Philanthropy," and we listened to him while we tried to keep warm, the room being underheated and damp.

I looked out across the network of wires and chimneys, across a vista of flat roofs, while the snow fell in a dreary, disconsolate white mass, attuned to my feelings.

I thought of the endurance of the discontents in Russia, whose battle would resemble ours. We climb a dirty, dingy stair of two flights to a third-story inside room, cold and drear—all for our love of self and liberty.

I thought of Carlyle, and his Sartor Resartus—the attic philosopher who looked across the roofs of Paris, over the heads of everyone, and the sound of the carriage wheels on the pavement below told him of the return home of some of the "select" stock of plutocracy from a night of oblivion in the arms of lust, wine and woman. And it all came back on this cold Colorado morning; the spires of ether churches towered into the grey mist and their bells tolled out the call to the rich to come and seek forgiveness—while we fought the February chill, not for forgiveness but for liberty.

We can envy the rich and successful thief when we are fighting pneumonia, or a cold, in our ardent for freedom.

Would any of us forsake our dingy church of humanity and its "Parson" for a finely built church of God? Oh, no, not one of us. But it doesn't prevent our minds from getting cynical and retrospective and introspective on themes like these.

BERT BRUKE.

946 S. 15th Street, Denver, Colo.

WHAT THINK YE OF THIS, GOVERNMENTALISTS?

"In order to send my children to the public school, that holy of holies in the temple of American freedom, I must buy the books ordered by a private corporation that has forcibly assumed the function of administering the free-school system of the United States as private property; that employs gangs of ruffians to go up and down these states and prepare school legislation for private profit; that appoints school superintendents, intimidates school principals, throws out of employment and backlists teachers who dare reject its publications."

Strong words these! What think ye of the indictment, ye governmentalists? And in your thinking please remember that this is no wild utterance of an irresponsible Anarchist, ready and eager to find fault with even the spots on the sun, but the sober speech of Professor Herron, who filled the specially-endowed chair of "APPLIED CHRISTIANITY" in Iowa College until the magnates of these vampire corporations, getting very seriously alarmed, worked certain hidden wires and got him turned down and out!

And then while you have a half-clear head for a brief moment note that much the same thing happened the other day to Professor Ross, of the Leland Stanford university, and it has happened to Professors Andrews, Bemis, Parsons and quite a number of other sincere thinkers and teachers who have dared

to exercise the right of free speech of honest thought, in their soul belief in that vigilance that alone can guard the foundation principle of this republic—LIBERTY.

C. H. CHEYSE.

FOR THE WOMEN.

"I think it was a Persian king
Who used to say, that evermore
In human life each evil thing
Comes of the sex that men adore;
In brief, that nothing e'er befell
To harm or grieve our hapless race,
But, if you probe the matter well,
You'll find a woman in the case."

That is what we want, viz., to be "in it." In fact, we are going to be "IT" in this game; and there is to be no man "in the case," for we are going to attend to this ourselves.

What is it?

After long thinking, and deep study, a few of us have devised a method for bringing the women into closer harmony and in such a manner that we will be a help to each other.

For further particulars send self-addressed stamped envelope to

NELLIE M. JERAULD,
South Calera, Ala.

P. S.—Women only.

There is no language strong enough to express the baseness of the action of the so-called civilized governments whose soldiers have destroyed the libraries in China. That men could become so lost to all sense of right is one of the evidences that wars of conquest are the most demoralizing institutions in existence. The time is coming when none but brutes and slaves will go to war except when it is a matter of self defense. More crimes have been committed in the past two years in the name of war than during the whole past century by criminals. The person who advocates war is as bad—yes, worse—than the man who sets bulldogs to fighting. There is nothing noble or grand in the murdering of their fellowmen by soldiers who fight in wars of aggression. Both England and the United States are today engaged in the most beastly and depraved of occupations—fighting those who are struggling for freedom. All this talk about national honor and honest intent is the merest hypocrisy. There is no honor in the matter and the intent is to get more opportunities to secure fortunes for the favored monopolists. Don't try to humbug yourself into thinking that the real cause is a desire on the part of either of these nations to do good to the people of Africa or the Philippines. It is a matter of money and a vain desire for power. It is not a pleasure for any honest citizen to be obliged to say such things of his own nation, but the truth ought to be told even if it does offend some who are so enslaved by worship of party that they fly into a passion when the truth is plainly stated. We are doing as a nation what not one citizen in a thousand would do as an individual.—Independent.

DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT HOME, WASH., BY
DISCONTENT PUBLISHING GROUP.

50 CENTS A YEAR

Address all communications and make
all money orders payable to Discon-
tent, Home, Pierce County, Wash.BELIEVED IN SOCIALISM AS WELL
AS ANARCHISM.

Comrades of DISCONTENT: I see you are afraid to let your readers know that the Chicago Anarchists, or martyrs, were the most ardent and fervent Socialists that ever walked on the face of the earth or spoke words of sympathy for suffering humanity. At least you seem to be disinclined to advertise that fact. But I understand how it is. I am an impartial observer of the petty quarrels. The Socialist party seems to repudiate the relationship of the Anarchist comrades and vice versa. The latter being the most odious in the public mind the Socialists, therefore, hasten to disown and disclaim anything to do with the Reds. But as for myself I would just as leave put in a good word for the Reds as the Semireds whenever it is pertinent. I like to see Free Society and your paper liberating sociology so severely because I believe it has its good points of superiority. All labor being performed socially is no more than right that the fruits thereof should be shared socially. The agitation for Socialism is the most potent engine for equality, liberty and fraternity of anything ever recorded in history. Fraternally, W. S. ALLEN.

Brother namesake, the Chicago Anarchists believed in Socialism as well as Anarchism, and these terms do not, in my estimation, contradict each other. The first is a plan for commercial production and distribution. The latter is the state of society without man-made laws—each individual to do as he or she pleases at his or her own cost.

The only disagreement I have with the Socialists is in regard to their coercive ideas. They would, by majority rule, force me to be a Socialist whether I wanted to be one or not. Any number of persons under freedom might form a socialistic agreement as a better way to supply their wants, but when they force even one to unite with them against his or her will they are using the very method that has gotten us into the condition we find ourselves, viz., a few masters and a mass of slaves. It is not because they are Socialists that I disagree with them, and will not advocate their commercial scheme, but it is because of their governmentality. I will not help promote the construction of a vessel when the shipbuilders insist in putting in material containing worms which I know will ultimately wreck the ship. The best of food is destroyed by using poison with it. Coercion used in a social compact will soon result in disintegration and loss.

Give the people freedom, and let them cooperate on any plan, whether it be individualistic, socialistic or communistic. The best plan will be generally used and the others discarded.

Freedom is the condition desired by us, then we can try the different methods of cooperation. G. H. ALLEN.

Love shows me the opulence of nature by disclosing to me in my friend a hidden wealth, and I infer an equal depth of good in every other direction.—Emerson.

FREE COMMERCIALISM VS. FREE COMMUNISM.

Part 6.

Definition is not an unmixed good. If each term we use were to be limited to one exact signification discourse would be impossible unless our vocabulary were to be increased at least one hundred fold. On the other hand, to furnish definitions covering all the applications of the "principal terms we expect to use" would be diffuse in the extreme. The common-sense solution of the problem is to employ a clear style enabling the reader to gather the meaning from the context and resorting to definitions only in special cases. A definition is not generally understood when given in the early stage of a discourse. Mr. Holmes failed to understand the simple, plain definition offered, and here I am, in my Part 6, adding a chapter of explanation as foreboded.

I conceive two conditions: (1) Society existing without government, (2) a very desirable later condition which society without government will have developed into. The former condition, or state, I denominate Anarchy. The latter is also Anarchy, but in a loose application. It is rather the outcome of Anarchy. Society is under Anarchy in both stages, but it is the no-government element that strictly constitutes Anarchy. If asked to define Anarchy, one would hardly be expected to define it in both stages at once, but would be expected to define it in its strict sense.

In my Part 2 when defining Free Commercialism (or Individualist Anarchism) as the condition that society will be in when government is absent, I was not thinking of the second stage or I would have said the condition that society will finally develop into, not will be in.

Incredible as it may appear, Mr. Holmes understood me to be referring to the second stage, for he says:

"Now, take Mr. Brinkerhoff's definition and reverse it and we have the following: When government is absent society will be in the condition of Free Commercialism. Then the question naturally arises but what is Free Commercialism? which is precisely where we started from."

The above quotation from Mr. Holmes' No. 3 shows that he supposed me merely to be saying that when government is absent society will develop into a certain condition known as Free Commercialism (or Anarchist Individualism). This would be a mere prediction or assertion, as he claims, but my words do not warrant such interpretation. I was willing to prophesy, but was not prophesying when writing that definition. My reference was to a primary condition or state while not denying, or giving a name to, the secondary state of progress or improved condition to follow. It is this state of absence of government that I was trying to say constitutes Anarchy in a society. Put it another way: The mere fact that society is without government makes it susceptible to the epithet anarchic. Can Mr. Holmes now see that my definition defines?

Both stages, or conditions, are fit topics for this debate, as outlined in my first paper entitled "A Discussion," in DISCONTENT of September 5, 1900, where I said, "The entire schemes as understood by each are to be left open for discussion."

But, while both states are proper subjects for debate, it is a great error to ex-

pect an explanation of the second state when asking for a definition of Anarchy whose essential element is the first state or condition. Anarchy is a thing to be defined, but the outcome of Anarchy hardly admits of a regular definition. To tell the results of Anarchy would require a treatise rather than a definition, and it is for that reason that I proposed two years for its discussion.

If Mr. Holmes had really been looking for a definition he would have understood the one offered him. But his desire was not for a definition, but for an outline of the effects of Anarchism. He has been asking for a definition while all the time really wishing me to say what would follow Individualist Anarchism. It amounts to the same thing as putting me a question and a very large one covering the whole ground. But it is in very bad taste for Mr. Holmes to interrogate me when he has not deigned to answer the five questions put him in my Part 1. When he was asked to commit himself, he objected, and straightway proceeded to secure a committal from me on the pretext of a call for a definition.

The use of the term Free Commercialism is at the bottom of Mr. Holmes' trouble. It is a name of his own selection. It means nothing more to me than Anarchy. I entitled my first contribution Communism vs. Commercialism, but immediately explained that only Anarchist Socialism was meant. The words Communism and Commercialism seemed to be useful in directing attention to an important point of difference between the two bodies of doctrine entertained by the two schools. It is not a question of the appropriateness of the selection of the term Commercialism or Free Commercialism; it is a question of the meaning of Commercialism or Free Commercialism when used as a synonym of Individualist Anarchism.

Mr. Holmes sees a possibility of commerce being eschewed at some period following the establishment of the freedom of the noninvasive, and he probably thinks I am inconsistent in calling a condition commercial when there is no commerce in it, or before there is commerce in it, or after commerce has been given up. In the first place, we are not using the term commercialism, but Commercialism. In the second place, even calling it a commercial condition would not necessarily be assuming commerce to coexist at all times with the freedom of the noninvasive. It might be called a commercial condition merely because of its containing seeds of the future development of commerce. The freedom of the noninvasive includes by way of cause the improved condition in which commercialism will appear, but it is a mistake to say that a definition of a condition does not define because it fails to detail the consequences of the condition.

EDGAR D. BRINKERHOFF.

Station 4, Newark, N. J.

IN GOD WE TRUST.

2.

If in God we trust, then why the devil do we bust? This same god of the Jews, according to his own account, was very fond of both gold and silver. He sits on a throne of Jasper, and the streets of his capital—the New Jerusalem—are paved with pure gold, and he advised

his chosen people to steal all the gold and silver other nations had on which to stamp images and to wear as ornaments. But his only son, Jesus, fell out with the money thieves of his time and drove them out of his father's house with cords, overturned their tables of money, and played hell generally with the traffic. But the money god of the Christian's trust hadn't reached his full growth then. Let Jesus come back now and try the present-day money swindlers a whack and see how quickly they'll play hell with his ducks. Why, they have already turned his house into a worse den for thieves than the Jews ever did his father's. These same pretended followers of this son of a god—but in reality worshipers of the golden god of plutocracy—have built houses, costing hundreds of thousands of dollars in which to go through their mock worship of him who had not where to lay his head. They vie with each other to see who can display the finest clothing and most gorgeous turnouts while worshipping the man god who never had two good suits of clothes at the same time in his life. His bitterest curses were aimed at the wealthy swindlers of his day, yet the very same class, as a rule, have become his most devout worshipers, in name at least. This is in strict keeping with their false creeds and hypocritical beliefs. They preach the doctrine of "lay up your treasure in heaven" and try to steal everything on earth at the same time; and that is just as near the truth as they can come and live. They accumulate fortunes by the sweat and toil of other people, while their Bible commands them to eat bread by the sweat of their own brows. They curse and abuse infidels while they live off the earnings of other people, notwithstanding their Bible says, "He that will not provide for his own household is worse than an infidel." They have enacted laws for persecuting and killing Anarchists, and put them into execution, while their "savior" was an Anarchist and was crucified for teaching and practicing sedition and blasphemy.

While such people have the making and executing of the laws in their own hands, is it any wonder that swindlers and prostitutes are clothed with fine raiment, and live sumptuously, while honest labor and virtue are clothed with rags and on the point of starvation?

"What fools we mortals be." The laboring people are gulled into the belief that legal-tender money and land titles are divine ordinances of God. But what could be more false and misleading in its effect on honest labor? What could be more detrimental to the interest and wellbeing of the human race? Could scheming rascality divine a more complete system of robbery, degradation and slavery, both of body and mind, than the one this hydra-headed monster—money power—holds the deluded masses of laboring people in?

How long before the oppressed people will rise in their might And assert their god (good) given title and right To the common interest of all to the land, And no longer obey their taskmaster's command.

IMAGE BREAKER.

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.—Emerson.

CHAINS.

BY NELLIE M. JERAULD.

CHAPTER XXVI—Continued.

Very glibly all this was told.

"And he told me that he came home at 4 o'clock this morning."

With horror-stricken face and uplifted hands Mrs. Ingram said:

"Oh, the awful liar. Jane Archer, I'm mighty sorry for you; but what else can you expect from an infidel?"

And having accomplished her mission the good (?) woman went home saying to herself:

"There, you that was Jane Pettigrew, I guess that'll take you down from your high horse."

Jane immediately sought "Brother Boyd," and told him of Carrol's terrible wickedness. I wish that some one would tell me why it is a crime for one person to commit certain acts and perfectly right for other people to do the same thing. To have heard Boyd and Jane talk one would have thought they adhered firmly to all the doctrines of asceticism. Believing that none suspected their amours they were free to convict their fellowman. After some talk Boyd said:

"Tonight, after supper, you ask him, before me, what time he left town yesterday, and see if he will confess. We can easily catch him in any crooked tale."

After supper, as they were sitting around the fire, Carrol reading the paper and Boyd studying (?) the Bible, Jane said:

"Carrol, what time did you leave town yesterday?"

"About 5 o'clock," Carrol answered unconcernedly.

"Why, Carrol Archer, you told me you got home about 4 o'clock this morning. Did it take you that long to drive home?"

"No, it did not take me that long to drive home?" And I did get here about 4 o'clock this morning."

There was a moment of intense silence; Jane's face grew white and her thin lips were pressed tightly together; Boyd put down his Bible, and looked at Carrol. At last Jane said:

"Carrol Archer, give an account of yourself."

"Certainly, I will do so. Until I left here you know all I did. After I left I went to Sary's and asked her to go to town with me, and she was glad to go, for she had some trading to do. When I bought your dry goods I gave her the money to get her a dress; then we went to Brown's restaurant, had dinner, and then started home; I stopped at Sary's gate just long enough to lift her out of the buggy, give her the bundles belonging to her, kiss her good night and drive home; I reached home at 10 o'clock."

Carrol had sat facing Jane and Boyd during this recital. Jane's face had grown stern and hard as he proceeded, but at the words "I reached home at 10 o'clock" her face flushed scarlet and Boyd started for the door, but Carrol stepped to the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. Then he continued:

"Don't leave until this interesting story is finished. I said I reached here at 10 o'clock. Finding the lower part of

the house dark I went on upstairs and entered our room. There I found that there was no room for me, for my place was occupied. I went downstairs and then over to Sary's and stayed there all night. This morning at 4 o'clock I came home."

Carrol then picked up his paper and very soon was (apparently) oblivious to everything else. The silence became oppressive. Jane grew white then red; she glanced apprehensively at Carrol, then looked beseechingly at Boyd. He had never been a sinner before—because he had never been caught; he was in a fearful dilemma.

"Will he kill me? What will he do? What does he mean?" he asked himself over and over. Finally he said, with a whipped-cur air, "What will you do, Mr. Archer?"

"What will I do about what?"

"About this affair between your wife and me."

"I am going to do nothing; why should I?"

"She is your wife."

"Well, I know that."

"Mr. Archer, most men would want to kill me."

"Why?"

"Because I—because I took your place."

"You did not take my place, you took your own place. I would find no fault with you except for one reason."

"What is the reason, Mr. Archer?"

"Was Jane willing? Did you use force at any time?"

"No, I used no force at any time?"

Then Jane began to cry; the cry turned to a wail; she sobbed and trembled and had a spell of hysterics. At first Carrol paid no attention to her. He had never caressed her; had kissed her but once; had never pretended to love her and he felt that it was Boyd who should comfort her, but Boyd evidently felt that he had done too much and though he looked at her uneasily he said nothing. After a few moments of sobbing and wailing Jane said "Oh, my God!"

"What is the matter, Jane?" asked Carrol.

"Oh, this is terrible trouble," replied Jane.

"Now, Jane, listen to me," and Carrol's voice was very stern. "It is no worse now than it has been all along; there is just this difference, I know it. How long this has been going on, I don't know and I don't care. I have been going to see Sary about twice a week for the last month. I grew lonesome here night after night while you went to meeting, so I passed a few evenings with her. I never passed a night with her until last night. Boyd, you asked me what I was going to do. I am going to do nothing so far as you and Jane are concerned. I pay no attention to your actions and I will not spy in the future. You are at liberty to do just as you please. Jane, you should be thankful that your husband is not an orthodox church member or he would put a bullet through your lover, and perhaps through you also, and the community would say he did just right."

"What are you going to do in the future, Carrol?"

"Jane, as I am honorable enough not to spy on your actions, and say nothing in regard to your future movements, be kind enough to do the same by me."

"Are you going to keep on with that hussy?"

"Be careful how you speak of Sary. I have not asked you, if you were going to keep on with Boyd; that is none of my business." Saying this, Carrol unlocked the door and went upstairs to bed. Left alone, Boyd and Jane eyed each other furtively. Finally Boyd said: "I can't stay here now."

"Why?"

"Because my reputation is ruined."

"Carrol will never tell; he can't without telling on himself."

"Mrs. Archer, it makes no difference to your husband whether his actions are known or not. He took that girl to town in broad daylight and you heard how he told it all tonight. Anyway, my work here is done. I had a letter today from a church in another state and they want me to come there. I will start tomorrow."

"Oh, Joseph, how can I endure it if you go away? I'll die! I'll die! I never loved anyone before, and it will be awful for me to stay here alone."

"Mrs. Archer, you have a good home, plenty of money, and your husband will never make you any trouble."

And without further words Joseph Boyd went to his room.

Carrol awoke early in the morning and noticed that Jane had not come to bed, but he thought that she had gone to one of the other rooms, or, perhaps, had roomed with Boyd. He dressed and went downstairs. Upon entering the sitting-room he was startled to see Jane sitting in the large rockingchair where he had left her the night before. There was no fire in the room, and when Carrol spoke to her the only answer was a groan. He went to her and took her hand. "Jane, what is the matter?" he kindly asked, but received no reply. Finding her hand very hot, though the room was icy, he went to Boyd's room and said:

"Jane has been up all night, is unconscious, and has a high fever, will you help me put her to bed?"

Carrol and Boyd carried the insensible woman to bed; Carrol then built a fire, undressed Jane, and sent Boyd for a doctor. The doctor came, said she had brain fever, and supposed it was caused by the recent religious excitement; that she might rally and that he would be in again toward night.

That afternoon Boyd went to his new field of labor. Carrol sent a messenger for his mother, and the next morning Mary Archer was with her son. Carrol told her the circumstances, and Mary said:

"After all this, that man has gone and left her in this critical condition. He is not worthy of the love Jane lavished on him. Once arouse these cold natures and you cannot sound the depth of their love."

(To be continued.)

The purpose of democracy is, through many transmigrations and amid endless ridicules, arguments, and ostensible failures, to illustrate, at all hazards, this doctrine or theory that man, properly trained in sanest, highest freedom, may, and must, become a law, a series of laws, unto himself.—Whitman.

Lord Eldon said, in his old age, "that if he were to begin life again he would be damned but he would begin as an agitator."

INTERNATIONAL SOLIDARITY AND PRISONERS' AID GROUP.

The following circular has been received from our Paris comrades, who will be glad to receive the names, as well as the contributions, of all comrades in sympathy with its aims. It will be remembered that among the agenda down for discussion at the suppressed congress this matter of aid to prisoners and their families and to all sufferers under police and government despotism had a prominent place. The French comrades have now initiated the movement, and it only remains for all desiring to give practical help to sufferers under the present regime to make the aims of the group known and to forward from time to time such contributions as they are themselves able to afford.

CIRCULAR.

The daily annoyances to which we are subject, and of which the evident aim is the revival of persecution, lead us to foresee a new period of authoritarian repression. In view of this it seems necessary to at once take some practical precautions.

We believe that we should fortify our position in advance against the harassing vexations and special measures to which we are exposed owing to our claim for freedom of opinion, and wish to defend those who are oppressed because they hold certain ideas which do not happen to be held by others.

1. To draw attention to every despotic act.

2. To aid by every possible means, morally and materially, the victims of such acts, and especially prisoners and their families.

3. To assist those who, owing to their opinions, are compelled to leave their country as refugees.

Toward this end we propose, by means of the press, by placards and pamphlets, to make public every act of oppression, every abuse by authority, every violation of the rights of men; we shall organize meetings, arouse public protest.

We solicit cooperation and have already opened a permanent fund. Friends will kindly send their subscriptions to our comrade, Charles Albert, at the Bureaux des Temps Nouveaux, 110 rue Mauffetard, Paris.

We will publish the adhesions sent us by comrades and by those who while not actually in touch with our ideas are yet sympathizers with our aims.

If we will not be marplots with our miserable interferences the work, society, letters, arts, science, religion of men, would go on far better than now, and the heaven predicted from the beginning of the world, and still predicted from the bottom of the heart, would organize itself, as do now the rose, and the air, and the sun.—Emerson.

The great word SOLIDARITY has arisen. Of all dangers to a nation, as things exist in our day, there can be no greater one than having certain portions of the people set off from the rest by a line drawn—they are not privileged as others, but degraded, humiliated, made of no account.—Whitman.

It is strange that men will talk of miracles, revelation, inspiration, and the like, as things past, while LOVE remains.—Thoreau.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

Lo's Waisbrooker has moved into her new house.

Fred Ingalls has finished clearing a site for his house and is now preparing to build.

John Talbot dropped down among us a few days ago. He is now in his own tent pitched in the park. He will stay awhile to see how he likes it.

John Adams has taken a photograph of the Parker residence, and a fine view it is. For sale by DISCONTENT. All above the cost of producing these views is donated to this paper.

Frank Worden's birthday anniversary was Friday, 8th instant, and in the evening the house was crowded with a host of friends who spent an hour or two in cracking nuts and jokes and uttering songs and laughter, and when all left they wished him many returns of the day.

Leila Allen entertained all the girls and boys of about her own age on Sunday, 10th instant, the anniversary of her birth. They played from 1 o'clock till 4, and then sat down to a lunch which Mama Allen had prepared for them. The children enjoyed themselves immensely.

The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on an arm of Henderson bay known locally as Joes bay, and is 13 miles west from Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about 20 miles.

The association is simply a land-holding institution, and can take no part in the starting of an industry. All industries are inaugurated by the members interested and those willing to help them. Streets are not opened yet and we have no sidewalks. Those thinking of coming here must expect to work, as it is not an easy task to clear this land and get it in condition for cultivation. There are 75 people here—22 men, 21 women and 32 children. We are not living communistic, but there is nothing in our articles of incorporation and agreement to prohibit any number of persons from living in that manner if they desire to do so. Those writing for information will please inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

THREE SQUIBS.

Said the grim old sage of Chelsea, "Some come into the world booted and spurred, ready to ride; others come into the world saddled and bridled, ready to be ridden." And that's about the size of it! How do you like it? And which troop are you in—equestrian or equine? If the former, do you count yourself lucky and gloat thereat? Personally, I am in the latter state but chafe at the sinch, wince at the spur and kick like a government mule.

Did I hear someone say "Times have changed and changed for the better"?

Why, certainly. In the times of the barons if a man didn't say and do things to suit those who had authority and power he'd sure lose his head; and in these barren times he only loses his bread. There's a big difference, of

course. You don't see it? Well, I'm sorry; nature couldn't have been fair to you when she was distributing brains.

The specter that haunts America and American workers is what Grover Cleveland once well named the "COMMUNISM OF CAPITAL!" This vast and horrible form looming on the steeps of industry is appalling even to the stoutest heart. Goethe's specter of the Brocken would cause laughter where this fearsome thing brings anxiety and tears. The one is myth, the other reality! Have you never caught sign of its shadow even? Then where on earth have you been? or were you born blind? Stand up with yourself and explain. It's due yourself and your fellows that you should, so set about it.

C. H. CHEYSE.

"A specter is haunting Europe—the specter of Communism!" Such are the opening words of that epitome of radical and libertarian teaching for workmen and women, entitled "The Communist Manifesto," written by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. These most able writers bury the specter and cover its grave with a well-shaped monument of common sense. Judge for yourself; the pamphlet costs just five cents and is published by the International Publishing Company, of San Francisco.

There are no honest goods to buy or sell; adulterated foods, shoddy manufacture of all that we wear, the underpaid labor and consumed life that make every garment a texture of falsehood, the hideous competitive war that slays its millions where sword and cannons slay their tens . . . make the industrial system seem like the triumph of hell and madness on the earth.—Geo. D. Herron.

HOW TO GET TO HOME.

All those intending to make us a visit will come to Tacoma and take the steamer TYPHOON for HOME. The steamer leaves Commercial dock on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1 p.m. Leaves Sunday at 8 a.m. Be sure to ask the captain to let you off at HOME.

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Austin \$1, Nold 50c, Singletary 50c, Ingalls 50c, Bruck 25c.

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2. Clam Digging.
3. Boat and Beach Scene.
4. Across the Bay.
5. Rocky Point.
6. King Residence.
7. Worden Residence.
8. Adams Residence.
9. Cheyse Residence.
10. Discontent Office.
11. Parker Residence.
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ORDER OF DISCONTENT.

Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of the Mutual Home Association.

Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1898, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.
The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joes Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of. A unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the land described in certificate of membership of deceased.

First: To person named in will or bequest.
Second: Wife or husband.
Third: Children of deceased; if there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereto.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.
This is to certify that has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of The Mutual Home Association the sum of . . . dollars, which entitles . . . to the use and occupancy for life of lot . . . block . . . as platted by the association, upon complying with the articles of agreement.

AGENTS FOR DISCONTENT.

San Francisco—L. Nylen, 26 Lewis St.
Honolulu—A. Klemencic, P. O. Box 800.
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